

Squatter Sovereign.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MERCANTILE AFFAIRS AND USEFUL READING.

STRINGFELLOW & KELLEY,

"The Squatter claims the same Sovereignty in the Territories that he possessed in the States."

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Miscellaneous.

Dying Advice of

HONORABLE SIMON SMIRK.

Simon Smirk was on his death-bed.

His son Samuel was standing by his side;

and while he was holding his father's

hand, his father spoke to him as follows:

"Sammy, I am dying—at the age of

fifty-five. I wish you to pay strict attention

to my dying advice."

"Father, I will."

"And I wish you to follow my advice

after I am dead."

"I will, father."

"Sammy, the neighbors and all my

friends tell me I haven't an enemy in the

world, and I believe I haven't. I want

you to understand why I haven't. It's all

owing to policy, Sam; policy, and nothing

shorter. When I was of your age, my

boy, I was as poor as a broken-down vil-

lage horse, turned out to die. Age has at

last broken me down, but I ain't poor,

thank policy! Follow my example, and

you will become richer by far than your

father, Sammy, and die without an enemy,

as I do."

Samuel wept, as in duty bound, but

grief and his handkerchief choked his ut-

terance, so he said nothing.

"It has always been my policy," re-

sumed the dying Smirk, "to avoid giving

offense to any one. No matter what peo-

ple said or did to me—or any one else—

right or wrong—I have always endeavored

to forbear and submit, wherever I could;

to be calm and cautious on all occasions,

and to avoid the exhibition of any sign of

resentment. By long experience in this

course, I have found that by persevering

to agree with everybody, skillfully, is a

sure eventual guide to universal popu-

larity."

"But have you never had any difficulty

with any one?"

"Not since I was twenty-one," said

the dying man, gasping for breath—

"Reach me a little more water, and wet

my lips. They are too parched to speak

plain. There, there," he added, as his

son obeyed him, "that will do, and you

shall be initiated into my invariable and

invaluable policy. Be deferential, Sam,

deferential, and control your temper, and

flatter whenever you get a chance—have

a bow, and a smile, and a word, and a

shake of the hand for everybody—mark!

for everybody—and then you will get

along."

"But I mustn't be friendly to villains,

must I?"

"Friendly! hump! be friendly to no-

body—scum so. Villains! they compose

two-thirds of the community, and are the

most influential. As for the other third,

though it is well enough to keep their

good opinion, they are only subordinate

agents in the building up of a man. But

don't get affronted with them. Oh, no,

Sam; never do that! Never kick a dog

unless you are sure he has not any owner,

then kick away, if you have a like to."

Though his father was dying, Samuel

could not help smiling at this language.

"That's right," said the elder Smirk,

"I like that. Smile again, Sam; smile

again. By smiling I have gained many

a friend. But be careful you don't smile

at the wrong time. A smile is a powerful

weapon, but must be used with judgment."

mind, heart, form or face of the person he

wishes to please, and feigning to admire

it, make that person friendly."

"Must I be stingy or liberal?"

"Oh, be liberal—be liberal, by all

means," said the dying man with a ghast-

ly smile—"that is, in sentiment. When-

ever a generous deed is done, exalt it to

the skies. Always praise generous peo-

ple. Clap your hands for philanthropy,

and then clap them in your pocket and

keep them there."

"Suppose a beggar asks alms of me, or

I am called on to contribute to some chari-

table object?"

"If any person begs, say 'certainly, my

poor woman,' or 'my man,' or 'my child,'

and then quickly feel in your pockets. You

will have no money, of course; but you

must say, with a sigh, and a tear in

your eye, if you can scare up one, 'I'm

really ashamed to own it, but unfortunately,

I have not a cent about me.' If you

don't get a 'God bless you' for that, I'm

mistaken. I never found it to fail."

"But a subscription?"

"Read the paper, praise the object, but

say that you have just subscribed for more

than you could afford for another object of

a similar nature. If the applicant believes

by this that you are in a charitable line,

he will let you off, whereas, if you re-

fused out and out, without an explanation,

he might abuse you behind your back. I

have made myself a great reputation for

benevolence, merely by refusing to sub-

scribe in this way. This is a queer world,

Sam."

Here the old man was seized with a

violent fit of coughing, which nearly took

him out of this queer world.

"I fear, father, this talking so much

will be fatal to you," said Samuel.

"No, no," resumed his father, "I'm de-

termined not to die till I get through. As

I was saying, Sammy, this is a queer

world, and you can't get along in it with-

out religion."

"Without what?" exclaimed his son, in

amazement. He had never mentioned re-

ligion before in his life.

"Without religion. Hire a pew, by

all means. Talk religion occasionally—

you can get the hang of it. Profess—and

practice when you are obliged to. But, at

any rate, profess; it helps a fellow along

in business. I got some of the most pro-

fitable customers and best friends, by

professing religion. Pew rent is no object

when you come to think of that."

"But if you belong to a church, you

will have to defend its doctrines; and re-

ligious controversies create enmity, don't

they?"

"Sometimes. But whenever I found

that I was getting into trouble on account

of my religion, I was always careful to

yield a point or two, smile in a christian-

like way, and then back out of the scrape.

That's the way to do it."

"It is best, I suppose, to be some kind

of a politician?" inquired the son.

"By all means; but take care and al-

ways be on the strongest side. You can,

though, be rabid as a mad dog in your

views, when nobody but your side is pre-

sent; affect to be very liberal in your sen-

timents when you talk with those of an

opposite political creed. Mankind love a

liberal man; and if you flatter your foes,

you disarm them."

with great affected modesty, I bowed and

withdrew, in the midst of the cheers of

both parties."

"That was well done, father," said

Sam, admiringly; "and that was the rea-

son you were elected to the Legislature?"

"Yes," said the senior Smirk, faintly,

"I made a hit. My noble-mindedness

became proverbial. I was compared to

Cincinnatus and Washington, and put up

for representative and elected by both

parties. Do as I did, Sam, and you will

prosper—oh."

"God bless you, my dear father! what's

the matter?"

"I am going, Sam, I shall be off in a

minute! Call in the minister and the

other bibles, quick! but remember policy,

Sam, policy!"

And with the unfinished word, which

had been his guiding star through life,

upon his lips, Hon. Simon Smirk expired.

Intelligence of his death, was telegraph-

ed all over the Union, and a great many

editorial obituary notices were written

upon him, ending with

"None knew thee but to love thee,

None name thee but to praise."

ENTHUSIASM OF SOUTHERN LADIES OF

THE KANSAS QUESTION.—The Edgefield

(S. C.) Advertiser publishes the follow-

ing letter from a Pendleton lady.

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read your letter for the cause